



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

we smile and cheat—and die, and rot, and— But I grow frantic, and not philosophical. There is some good in the world after all—some truth—some kindness—some affection. Nevertheless, they are all shamefully adulterated with the world's affectations.

I would go and live in the woods, but that I have become accustomed to the world's conveniences, and cannot do without them; I must, therefore, still be a dweller in Westminster, and a

PERIPATETIC.

### THE VALLEY OF LA ROCHE.

(For the Dublin Literary Gazette.)

[The following narrative may, perhaps, meet with more indulgence, as it is founded on facts of a somewhat recent date: it is no more than a detail of real events, and owes its great simplicity of incident to the author's endeavour to depart as little as possible from simple truth in the relation. The names both of persons and places are of course fictitious.]

In the North of Ireland, it matters not how long ago, there stood the romantic little chateau of "La Roche;" it was situated in a beautifully-wooded vale, that slumbered beneath the shade of rugged and uncultivated hills, which surrounded it on every side. The rapid mountain streame, when they reached the smiling meadow that clothed the fertile bosom of this luxuriant spot, settled into a calm and gentle flow, lingering, as if unwilling to leave so much loveliness and peace, and ran gently murmuring down their winding channels, on whose banks, spring never failed to shower, with a profuse hand, the choicest flowers of nature's growth. Here clusters of violets shed their sweet perfumes to the breeze that sighed wantonly around; and there a single primrose peeped forth, in modest diffidence, amid a profusion of king-cups and wild poppies; numerous herds were seen here and there cropping the rich pastures, or lazily sauntering beside the banks of the rivulets, that they might catch the freshness of the breeze that whispered over their waters. The chateau was surrounded on all sides by a grove of the most luxuriant foliage, except in front, where the prospect opened on an extensive lawn, clothed in the softest green, and interspersed with clumps of trees which served to shade the panting flocks that dotted the pastures in the sultry summer-days, as well as to adorn and diversify the scene.

In this happy valley, remote from the busy scenes of life, in which her younger days had been rioted away unprofitably, and without pleasure, lived the widow of Major Ashmore: she had but just reached this secluded spot with her husband, who had at length (after having served many a rough campaign,) given up the pursuits of active life, when the old soldier, worn out by the effects of wounds and uncongenial climates, and overcome by the toilsome journey it had been his lot to make through life, expired; this loss weighed heavily on the heart of his afflicted widow, and as there was nothing nearer or dearer to resign her to the necessary afflictions of this life, she turned her thoughts wholly to the education of her two children, the only pledges of his love.

Frederic and Alice Ashmore, were too young to feel the loss of a parent's care; and their little bosoms heaved no sigh, as they gazed on

the lifeless body, nor did the chill that rested upon his pallid lips strike deeply to their hearts, as they pressed, almost smilingly, upon them their last farewell. The days of their childhood passed away: Frederic, now in his eighteenth year, was a noble-minded, high-spirited youth, full of gay hopes and wild desires; in person, nature had done all for him that the fondest parent could have wished; his tall, manly figure had been so shaped out by exercise for activity and strength, that the valley of la Roche boasted no one that could equal him in agility. Often did the first glow of morning meet his healthful brow upon the summit of some of those rocky and almost inaccessible hills that skirted the house; and often was he seen dashing fearlessly over yawning precipices, that even the wild goat had failed in attempting to scale, always accompanied by a faithful little spaniel, the companion of all his dangers and pleasures. His anxious mother watched the development of this daring spirit, and would kindly reprove his too great love of rushing into unnecessary dangers; but the reckless youth would smile away her fears, and comfort her with assurances of being less hazardous for the future. His countenance, as regarded feature, bore a stronger resemblance to the Spanish, than to those of his own country, but it wanted the dark, supercilious expression of the former, while it partook largely of the frankness and buoyancy of look of the Irish; a profusion of long dark locks curled over a finely intellectual forehead, and his eye always beamed with a brilliancy and light that infused gaiety and spirit into whatever he said; sometimes, too, when he would smile, a silent pang throbbled in his mother's heart, for it reminded her of lips which in youth and age had smiled upon her ever the same. His sister, a year younger, partook more of the timid and retiring nature of her mother, and would sit pensively breathing some sweet song to her harp, or weeping over some foolish tale of broken vows, while her brother pursued in the fields the ruder amusements of more hardy boyhood, though sometimes he would forego the pleasure of encountering danger, that he might wander, arm-in-arm with her, through the grove, or by the winding stream.

It was at this period, when the thoughtless and unconnected ideas of the child begin to merge into the more fixed, and refined, and luxurious sentiments of the man, and the young heart begins to feel a want that it knew not before, that Lucy M——, a niece of Mrs. A——'s, and entrusted to her care by the will of her mother, who had just died, arrived at la Roche. Nursed up in the lap of affluence and power, Lucy had, however, escaped the corruption of feeling attendant on either.— Gifted with the most fascinating expression of face, and elegant formation of figure, and at the same time graceful, and unrestrained by any effort for effect, she possessed the most highly cultivated mind, which reserved its beauties, not flinging them away on every worthless occasion, but remaining rather silent and shy in society that was uncongenial to her; yet she possessed a vivacity of disposition, and a child-like pleasantry of manner, which took from the awe with which one generally approaches "learned ladies." In her countenance, corresponding to such a mind, one could trace sense without gloom or affectation, and gaiety of heart without weakness of understanding; she loved poetry, not for talk's-sake, but for its

own; nor did she regard Milton, Shakspeare, and Wordsworth, merely as the fashionable task-masters of the day—whose writings are only useful in supplying topics for ball-room tittle-tattle, when all native resources are exhausted—but flew to them as the haven where the mind may calm itself, when the storms and vexations of life gather around it. Calculated, then, as woman is, even with all her faults,\* to win our affections, and engross our thoughts, is it to be wondered that the lovely mourner, with perfections equally distributed, both of mind and body, failed not to make a deep and lasting impression on the heart of the young and ardent Frederic.

Clad in the sober livery of woe, the parentless girl stole imperceptibly into his affections. Like the thirsty traveler, who at length hears the gushing of the distant fountain, he had found what his heart panted for; he no longer sought the rugged mountain-top, but, as if she breathed a happiness around, he felt a heaviness of spirit when she was absent.

Stretched beside the murmuring streamlet, he would listlessly lounge away hour after hour, in meditation and silence; nature seemed clothed with a new garb, and all her beauties he referred to the one grand original that perpetually haunted his imagination, from her the rose borrowed its blush, the lily her spotless white, and the violet her unostentatious retiringness; he envied the happy tenants of the grove, who warbled their little tales of love in jocund strains around, not condemned, like him, to linger in solitary pensiveness—gazing on the object of his affections, but not daring to tell her that he loved. The valley no more echoed his joyous song, and even the blandishments of his favourite spaniel were forgotten. Nor was Lucy quite callous to those silent manifestations of disinterested affection, but with the discerning eye of growing affection, marked the embarrassments of "love's young votary;" nor did she misinterpret the rapture that beamed in his eye when they met, or the sigh that hovered upon his lip when they parted; if his voice trembled when he addressed her, she felt a faint blush, perhaps of pride, mantle over her cheek, conscious of the agency of her charms in promoting the change. Thus, while the silly girl deemed that she was but watching the progress of a first passion in her youthful lover, she had been all the time growing more and more its victim. But she was "too deeply blessed" to feel the poison through her spirit creeping, and pitied the agitating development of it in another, though it was stealing over her own heart.

She had slumbered on in this delicious ignorance, loving fondly and doatingly, without feeling its pangs, or partaking in its miseries, when the receipt of a letter from an old military friend of his father's, offering Frederic a commission, which he had with difficulty been able to procure, totally changed the aspect of affairs in the chateau of the rocky valley. The delighted youth assented to the proposal unhesitatingly; but when his eyes met Lucy's, the thought of a separation was too much for him, and the enraptured boy became as silent, and as sad, as he had been before noisy and joyous. Then, for the first time, did Lucy perceive how fondly and irrevocably she loved, and the frequent tear would burst forth unwittingly, as she called to mind the silent homage of adoring looks, that

\* Faults indeed! 'tis well seen the tale is by a lady.  
Ed.

Frederic had so unceasingly rendered her; a thousand little incidents, before unnoticed, did memory conjure up to torture her with, and when too late, she found that her brain had registered each with dreadful accuracy. All the uncherished happiness of the past presented itself to her imagination, in contrast with the bleak and joyless prospect of the future; and yet so inseparably linked with woman's nature is love, that she preferred its agonies and uncertainties to a life of sober and unchequered sameness of pleasure. Thus did she, in turn, become dissatisfied and restless; the young Frederic had now become her all; and as each succeeding twilight flung its shadows over her brow, it struck a deeper and a darker sorrow to her heart, for she knew that every hour, as it flew, stole a little from that precious moment of time which they had now to spend together. The beams of morning, trembling through her unopened casement, startled her from disturbed slumbers and unhappy dreams; she now longed to throw herself at his feet, and tell him how much she loved, but the timidity, and retiring modesty of her sex and nature, revolted at such an idea, ere it had well been formed. Meantime arrangements had been making for the departure of the young soldier, and if any thing could serve to alleviate the gloom that had so long overpowered him, it was the prospect and anticipation of novelty, which takes such strong hold on the young and gay, who have not experienced how miserable the change is, from the comforts of home to the chances and vicissitudes of an unfriendly world; he had, however, determined on not leaving the valley without making known his love to Lucy; but this he found a more difficult task than he had imagined, for the tongue, however eloquent, is but a poor interpreter for the heart, whose language is unutterable. Oftentimes as he sat gazing from the little window of the saloon where she sat reading, in the middle of the day, the long wished-for, but dreaded disclosure, trembled on his lips; often had he seen her strolling pensively and alone through the little pleasure grounds which skirted the grove at each side of the chateau, but would tremble and turn away to curse his own timidity and folly. Time rolled on until within a week of his departure, he loathed the idea of "roaming along, the world's tired denizen," in all the uncertainty of ardent and unrequited love. One morning as he had strolled deep into the shade of the grove, wrapped in solitary musings, on a sudden the object of all his anxieties and solitudes stood before him; the enamoured boy, taken by surprise, stammered out, in the confusion of the moment, the impassioned, but simple words, "Lucy, I love you!" Lucy's heart glowed on her cheek, as she faltered something unintelligible to any ears but those of a lover. This prelude over soon, dis embarrassed the tongue-tied pair, and having poured forth their souls to one another, and made mutual protestations of eternal love, they returned to the chateau. Mrs. Ashmore, who had long watched, with an eye of maternal solicitude, the progress of this passion, when she perceived that it was mutual, did not try to check its growth, for since her acquaintance with the amiable and beautiful girl, who had been thus given up to her care and attention, she had begun daily to feel herself bound to her by stronger ties than those of mere relationship, and wished for nothing more anxiously than to see

her beloved son united to the woman of his own choice, to her Frederic, and his newly affianced bride, and begged her permission to be united immediately. Shedding tears, of joy over the youthful lovers as they knelt at her feet, she joined their hands, but begged of the hasty youth to defer his marriage till his return, and that she would, in the mean time, keep his Lucy safe, the lovers consented, although their disappointment was severe. The succeeding week was one of uninterrupted happiness and delight, chequered now and then by the recollection of the approaching separation. Blessed in each other's society, and wandering arm-in-arm, they wondered how they had so long kept the secret of their loves; a thousand little things were spoken in the artless language of the heart, to which it before had seemed impossible to give utterance. Sealing many an impassioned kiss on the lips of his fair auditor, and holding in his arms all that had been wanted to render his bliss complete, Frederic felt a melancholy foreboding that such bliss was too perfect to be of long endurance.

At length the day of his departure arrived, and having taken a fond adieu, and renewed his protestations of eternal fidelity to his beloved and lovely Lucy, he set off. The disconsolate girl wept bitterly as the last faint sounds of the rolling carriage wheels struck heavily on her ear. In her overwhelming grief, there was none of that "silent, secret luxury of woe," which takes away half its bitterness; she felt an unusual blank; or if she sought the green fields and winding streams, they but reminded her of the time when sharing their beauties with another, who was not now by her side, she had enjoyed a happiness, the recollection of which rendered her present solitude and misery, the more distressing; the little memorials and pledges of his love were now called into frequent requisition, and how often hour after hour she sighed and wept over them; but time,

"The only healer when the heart hath bled,"

brought its accustomed consolations, and tranquillity and happiness again reigned throughout the chateau. Frederic's letters came regularly every week, with renewed assurances of an increasing and unalterable attachment, and knowing nothing of the great world, Lucy never dreamt that so faithful a heart could run any risk of being estranged. He had been nearly a long, long year away, when an account came, which again put the little family circle into the utmost consternation and alarm; this was, his regiment being ordered out to assist in some military operations which the English were then carrying on in one of their Indian colonies, and as he had found it impossible to exchange or sell his commission, he had been necessitated to accompany them. As complaints and tears were alike unavailing and useless, they resigned themselves unmurmuringly to this second and greater calamity. With many a silent prayer was the name of the young soldier mingled, and even in the dreams of night it murmured on the fond lips of the loving Lucy; scenes of rapine and bloodshed, and all the miseries and privations of war presented themselves in exaggerated terrors, to her imagination, and the horrors of the present separation far outweighed the comparative inconvenience of the former.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

THE Academy held its fifth general monthly meeting for the year, on Monday evening last, the Honourable and Rev. J. Pomeroy in the chair. Among the donations presented on this occasion was the first volume of a translation of La Place's *Mécanique Céleste*, with a commentary, by Nathaniel Bowditch, L. L. D. F. R. S. L. E. and D. &c. This volume, a large royal quarto, written and printed in Boston, is the handsomest book, and apparently the most perfect in all its details, that we have ever seen come from America. We shall examine and report upon it more fully in an early No. but 800 pages of *La Place* are no joke to cut of a summer's day; even to skim the cream of them requires some time and patience, though there are few subjects we delight more to study when we can find leisure, than 'mathematics and good humour.' "Memoirs of the Astronomical Society of London, Vol. IV. Part I." were also sent for presentation by the Society. This is the work in the account of which the new No. of the *Edinburgh Review* makes the extraordinary assertion respecting Dr. Brinkley's observation of the annual parallax of fixed stars, which we have commented upon in our notice of that periodical. Two copies of an "Essay on the Attributes of Knowledge in God, considered on the grounds of reason and revelation," were forwarded for presentation by the author. The thanks of the Academy were voted to the respective donors. Several new members were balloted for, and Gaspar Spurzheim, M. D. was admitted an honorary member, and then the Academy adjourned till the fourth Monday in June.

## LONDON SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

At a late Meeting of this Society, the reading of Rich's account of Ireland, was resumed, in which it was stated that the Irish rebels were much favoured and supported by the disaffected English, and that there had been an understanding between the governor of Ireland and Tyrone, through which the latter continued his criminal proceedings with impunity, while the governor and his family were freed from the plundering attacks of the rebels; that, in fact, Tyrone was supplied at the expense of the government; for many who pretended to be friends of the government, obtained stores and ammunition on pretence of guarding their houses against the attacks of the rebels, and then privately conveyed them to Tyrone.

## ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

In proceeding to notice the exhibition at this Academy somewhat more in detail than time or space would permit us to do the week before last, we shall direct the attention of our readers, in the first instance, to the pictures of the higher walk of art, in which the artist is indebted chiefly to his own imagination for the subject. First in this class of the paintings now under consideration, we must decidedly rank, No. 117, the *Fall of the Angels*, painted as an illustration of Milton, and part of Ezekiel, by S. Ford, a very youthful Cork artist, sometime deceased. We have already, on a former occasion, expressed our opinion in the strongest terms of the great merits of this picture, which